To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,
Which loue to all of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprou'dst me for't.

Hell. Alas sir.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eies, blood frō my cheekes,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to griue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue giuen mee leaue to
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare, (speake,
And iustly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or priuat treason,
Will take away your life: therfore my Lord, go trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies doe cut his threed of life: your rule direct to anie, if to me, day serues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. Weele mingle our bloods togither in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee,
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe.
The care I had and haue of subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word, for faith not aske thine oath,
Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs will liue so round, and safe,
That time of both this truth shall nere conuince,
Thou shewdst a subiects shine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Thaliard solus.

So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: t'is daungerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellowe, and had good discretion, that beeing bid to aske what hee would of the King, desired he might knowe none of his secrets.

Now doe I see hee had some reason for't: for if a king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to bee one.

Husht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, with other Lords.

Hell. You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre* further to question mee of your kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with mee, does speake sufficiently hee's gone to trauaile.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were vnlicensed of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue some light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I knowe not, tooke some displeasure at him, at least hee iudg'de so: and doubting lest hee had err'de or sinn'de, to shewe his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe; so puts himselfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threatens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I shall not be hang'd now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings seas must please: hee scap'te the Land to perish at the Sea, I'le present my selfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Lord